



Charlotte Mason's House of Education,
Scale How, Ambleside, UK, 2009

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As she wept, the kingly beast stood gazing on her, and when again she mounted her white ass and took up once more her weary search, the lion would not leave her desolate, but went along with her as a strong guard of her chaste person, and a faithful mate in her sad troubles. When she slept he kept watch, and when she waked he followed her bidding, led by the gentle look of her fair eyes. Thus attended, through deserts wide she wandered, and met no living soul; and once, following the track of footsteps, she was lead into a cave where she took shelter for the night, not knowing it was a robbers' den; and in the night, her faithful guardian fell upon and slew the robbers who would have taken her life. Other perils did they meet, and the faithful beast was wounded in sad Una's service; but he limped painfully after his mistress, as she wearily followed her wandering lord.

(To be continued.)

AUNT MAI'S BUDGET.

BY MRS. F. STEINTHAL.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—Thank you all for your letters, which I only wish I could answer individually; but as over fifty came last week you will all agree, that unless I were a fairy aunt and had six right hands, I should find it difficult to do so. You will, probably, most of you be at the seaside or in the country still, so I am not going to trouble you to answer my letter this month; but will give you a holiday. I want to tell you, however, of a very ingenious contrivance I have seen to help children to learn the families of flowers.

A clever lady enamelled a long umbrella box, and made one row of little holes, $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch across, in the lid. In each hole stands a little homœopathic medicine bottle, and before each bottle is gummed a label, with the name of a family written on each. When the children come home with the flowers they have gathered, they place one of each kind in its own place, and so learn the families with very little trouble. The girls might paint the box (which must be shallow to let the necks of the bottles stand out) after the boys have made the round holes, and both might write the labels, and if you get it ready in the wet days in the holidays you will have a great surprise for your governesses when they return to you.

Wishing you all very happy holidays,

Your loving

AUNTIE MAI.

COMPETITION.

The lists of flowers sent in show great patience and knowledge on the part of the children. Lists were sent from France, Norway and Switzerland, and it was most interesting to compare the flora of the different countries, seen on the same day. May Dowding heads the list with 110 flowers, and she has also done the best painting, so she gets "Tales

from Spenser." Margery Dunthorne runs May very closely, having named 106 flowers. Hilda Spafford deserves special mention for artistic sketches of four flowers. The number before the names of the collection indicates the number of flowers gathered by each; the numbers after, the age; and P. (paintings) will show who have sent sketches in.

110, May Dowding, 10, P.; 106, Margery Dunthorne, 10, P.; 86, J. M. Starkey, 15, P.; 67, John Knight Bruce, 7, P.; 66, Ethel Knight Bruce, 6; 52, Howard Grubb, 12; 47, Edward Ricketts; 46, James Dixon, 7, P.; 44, Claud Chavasse, 8; 40, Colin Enriquez, 8; 40, Dora Wallis, 10, P.; 36, Hilda Mary Spafford, 9, P.; 33, Eline Kitching, 9; 31, Arthur Wallis, 11; 30, Nancy Sayard, 6, P.; 29, Harold Rowntree, 7; 28, Andrew Starey, 9; 19, Sidney Franklin, 6; 15, Ethel Gabain, 10; 16, Dorothy Gabain, 8; 14, John Kitching, 7; 12, Joan Ponsonby, 6; 12, Eileen Ponsonby, 12; Mabel Ponsonby, 10; 11, May Warren Vernon, 8; 11, Billy Kitching, 5.

Solution of Natural History Riddles.—Percy Godding 9; George Penny, 7; Beata Wilson, 10; Queenie Wilson, 9; Edith Grubb, 15; Connie Brightwen, 12; May Warren Vernon, 8; Arnold Warren Vernon, 5.

The Boys' Prize.—Cut-out paper horse. 1st, Hugh Ward (aged seven); 2nd, Lewis Clinton; 3rd, Percy Godding (aged nine) and Cecil Upcher.

The Girls' Prize.—The prize is taken by May Warren Vernon, Monen, Mandal, Norway, aged eight years, for a sailor dress very perfectly cut out and sewed. The second is worked by Evelyn Dykes. Excellent: Peggy Denton, Hilda Spafford, Gwladys M. A. W. Powell, Dorothy Ward, Cecily Hilda Green, Ethel Gabain, Dorothy Gabain, Mabel Ponsonby, Eileen Ponsonby, Dorothy Bruce Murrey, Rhoda W. Goddard and Mary Dowding.

NATURAL HISTORY RIDDLES.

[For notice of prize look in the July number.]

As white as milk but not milk,
As green as grass but not grass,
As red as blood but not blood,
As black as soot but not soot.

As I went over London Bridge,
I met Mr. Rusticap,
Pins and needles in his back,
Going to Thoring fair.

Two books are offered to girls under 12, and the same to boys under 12, for the best design of a frame for a proverb. The curves given by Mrs. Perrin in the July number can only be used, and the outside measurement must not exceed 6½ in. by 8 in. Work must be sent before the 30th September to Auntie Mai, Wharfemead, Ilkley.

OUR LITTLE COOKS.

Dolly's Cheese Cakes. 1 oz. cooked potatoes; ¼ oz. butter; 1 oz. sugar; ½ oz. currants; a little egg; ¼ of a lemon. Put the potatoes into a basin and beat them well with a fork, then add the butter melted, currants (which must be washed first), salt and a small piece of beaten egg. When this is well mixed, add four drops of lemon juice. Line little tart tins with some pastry, put a little of the mixture into each and bake quickly. N.B.—Be very careful to clean the currants well, to get all the stalks and grit from them.

Arthur's Pastry. 2 oz. flour; 1 oz. lard; a very little baking powder; a very little salt. Mix the flour, baking powder and salt together, rub in the lard with the tips of your fingers. Mix it to a stiff paste with cold water. Roll it out twice on a floured board, and the paste is ready to put in the tins.

When baking pastry little cooks must remember three things. 1st, To keep it as cool as possible; have the water quite cold, and rub the lard in with the tips of your fingers, not the palms of your hands, as they are much hotter than your fingers. 2nd, Not to touch it more than you can help, but make it up quickly. 3rd, Bake it in a quick oven.

EDITH OLLIFF,

Lecturer on Cooking to the County Council.

CHILDREN'S GARDENS.

September is the real harvest month. Any seed pods that are ripe, gather and spread out to dry thoroughly.

After a few days when you find the seed vessels dry and easily opened shake out the seeds, of course every kind of seed by itself. Small pill boxes or bon-bon boxes are most useful for keeping the store of seeds till Spring comes round again. Keep your seeds in a cool dry place. Make cuttings or slips of geraniums, calceolarias, fuschias, etc., by cutting off the shoots just above the second joint, choose good strong shoots, not soft and sappy, fill a 5-inch flower pot with good soil well mixed with silver sand, make a small hole close to the side of the pot, slip in your cutting, press the soil closely down, and so on till you have seven or eight. Shallow wooden boxes answer the purpose quite as well, and are more convenient to pack in a green house. Give the cuttings very little water as they are apt to turn mouldy. Still continue weeding and keeping the garden tidy, cut off withered leaves and shoots, tie up roses, dahlias, hollyhocks, etc.

Look well to the seeds sown last month, and if well up prick them out where you wish them to bloom, this applies to primroses, auriculas, forgetmenots, wallflowers, snapdragons, etc., for spring and summer flowering. Chrysanthemums should be potted in good soil and well watered, so as to ensure early blooming in-doors. Unless you wish to save seed cut down the stalks as soon as the bloom is over, and in any case one or two stems are sufficient, and then always save what bore the finest flowers. More give the plant an untidy look and weaken the growth. If this month proves wet it will be favourable for transplanting shrubs, as they will have time to settle and root before the winter frosts set in.

M. HOGSTED.

CHAIR CANING.

Chair caning is a pleasant occupation for children from five years of age. Newmann of Newmann Street, London, has just printed diagrams and instructions which I have prepared, which will enable any mother or governess to teach it in the nursery with success. As diagrams cannot be printed in the *Parents' Review*, I must ask parents to kindly send to Newmann for them. The diagrams, one frame and cane will cost

The frames, 2d. each, are six inches across, and have holes bored in them one inch apart, so that little fingers may more easily manage the plaiting, and when they understand the way each cane goes in and out, they can then work smaller designs. After working two cardboard frames, I would suggest that each child canes the seat of a doll's chair. These are also made by Newmann. After doing this, when the next chair in the nursery requires a new seat, let the children join at making a new one, and they will prove themselves reliable and trustworthy workpeople. It is so good for boys to be trained to be useful in the house, to be able to mend and repair, and chair caning is one of the useful crafts that may stand them in good stead in the future.

WHAT SHALL WE PLAY?

Dr. Louis Robinson in "Mud-pies and Philosophy" has solved a difficulty in children's education as follows:

My wife found, some time ago, that "in spite of all temptations (from toys of) other nations" our sons were passionately attached to their native soil. They wallowed in it. Protests from nurse and laundress were alike unavailing. It became evident to me that we were face to face with one of those primal instincts, which can no more be stopped than a mountain torrent. I consulted with friends, and finally had a cart-load of clean sand shot down in the garden and surrounded by a barrier of boards, a foot high. Wooden spades and pails were provided, and our two elder sons were turned into the pen to follow their own devices. The effect was marvellous. Peace fell upon the household. Dressed in brown holland overalls, the boys dug, and burrowed, and made "puddins," and conducted funerals for several hours a day, all through last summer. Their health and morals were alike benefitted. They got tired *in* the sand; but not *of* it. Their nurse, instead of perpetually hunting them from one garden bed to another, could sit at needlework and look on. In cold weather a small quantity of plastic Doulton clay has proved an equally happy resource.

THE FOX AND THE HOLE.

This is a very old game, and was played by little boys and girls 1800 years ago. They called it a very long name "Askoliasmiss;" because one player had to hop on one leg all the time. In Flanders it was called "Hunke-pinken" and in Germany "Fox don't bite."

The fox must have a hole or den made for himself, and the other players must not be more than 10 or 12 feet away from it when the game begins. Each child must have a handkerchief with one knot on it in the right hand. The fox goes into his den, and one child advances towards it and says: "We're walking near the fox's house, but fox is quiet as a mouse," whereupon the fox springs out; but is only allowed to hop on one leg. He hops after the children and if he succeeds in touching one with the end of his handkerchief all the others rush forward, and help to carry him to the fox's den, when he becomes a fox in his turn. If the fox once goes on two legs, the others can run after him with their handkerchiefs, and carry him back to the cave. If an idle fox will not come out, the others call out "Fox come out of the den! One, two, three," and if he does not instantly begin to hop he is driven out.

JACK AND THE DWARFS. BY BESSIE GREEN.

JACK lived with his father and mother in a little cottage in a wood. They were all very happy, though they did not often see anyone except Master Timothy, a servant of old Sir Lockup, who came every month for the rent of their cottage. In the morning Jack and his father went away, axe on shoulder, and worked all day, cutting down trees and making bundles of sticks to be sold in the town; and when they came home they found supper ready, and the dear mother who had been very busy all day, waiting for them with a bright smile and loving words of welcome. In the long winter evenings they sat round the fire—the mother would spin busily, while the father told wonderful tales of the fairies that lived in the forest, and Jack carved pretty things out of the hard pine-

wood and listened to his father's stories. They lived for many years very happily in this way, till one winter, when the ground was covered with snow and all the streams were frozen, the woodcutter slipped as he was carrying a heavy bundle of wood, and hurt himself, so that he was obliged to stay by the fire instead of going out to work as usual. Jack and his mother were very sorry about this of course, and as the days went on and the woodcutter did not get better, they became very anxious. It was drawing near the time when Master Timothy came for the month's money, and they knew quite well that if they were not able to pay their rent at once, Sir Lockup, who was an unkind old man, would turn them out of their house and not care at all what became of them. As the woodcutter had not worked for many days, and Jack, who was only a little boy, could not do his father's work and his own as well, they had not nearly enough money, so they were all three very unhappy.

One afternoon Jack went out to gather some sticks for the fire. He wandered along without looking where he was going, and at last feeling very miserable and tired he sat down under a tree and began to cry. But it was too cold to sit still long, and presently he remembered that it was getting late and he had not yet found any sticks. He began to search among the trees, and found to his great surprise a heap of sticks lying close by him, all ready cut and neatly arranged. He wondered very much how they had got there, and thought at first someone must have left them and would come back for them; then he remembered that no one lived in that part of the wood. Why should he not take them home after all?

It was certainly very curious to find them so neatly cut and arranged, and they were very heavy indeed, much heavier than ordinary sticks. Jack had not gone far before he heard someone say in a very faint weak voice:

"Please put me down."

Jack thought he must have fancied this, as he was quite alone and sticks could not talk, but he had not gone much further before a sharp prick in his finger, and a severe pinch on his arm, made him drop his bundle, and look down to see if he had carried off anything in the middle of it.

Then he saw to his great surprise that on each bough was

sitting a tiny man, about three inches high, clad in brown just the colour of the wood, and with a little hat covered with grey lichen like that which clung to the pine branches. Jack was too surprised at first to do anything but stare, and one of the tiny men said:

"Do not take these sticks home, little boy. You will be very unkind if you do."

"Why shall I be unkind?" asked Jack, "I have found the sticks. They belong to me."

"They belong to us," answered all the little men together, and the one who had spoken first said:

"We are the servants of the King of the Dwarfs, who lives in the mountain on the other side of the forest. We had come out to gather wood, and hoped to meet nobody, for if anyone takes the sticks we gather, we are obliged to serve that person for seven years, and till that time is over we cannot go back to our dear home in the mountain or see our dear people. Oh! little boy, you will not be so unkind as to force us to be your servants and leave all we love for seven years."

Poor Jack had been thinking how nice it would be to have so many servants, who would perhaps help them to earn some money to pay the rent. The dwarf looked up at him with piteous eyes, and he remembered how his father used to say:

"Never do evil that good may come." It would certainly be doing evil to force the poor little dwarfs to be his servants, but he did so want their help. At last he said:

"I won't take the sticks."

"Oh! thank you, thank you," called out the little men, and the one who had spoken first said: "You must not think because we are so small we are not grateful. You have done something for us, cannot we do something for you?"

"I don't know," said Jack, "but we are in great trouble."

"Tell us about it, and we will help you," cried all the little men. So Jack told his sad story. When he had finished one of the dwarfs said—

"Here is something that will help you," and he took off his cap and put it into Jack's hand. Jack wondered what good the grey cap could possibly be, but the little man said: "If you are in any difficulty, if Master Timothy takes you

up to the great house and Sir Lockup says you must go to prison, throw the cap straight into his face, and say—

'Come and help me, come this way,
Master of the cap—obey,
Come and help without delay.'

then you will see what will happen."

The little men shouldered their sticks, and trotted down the path so fast that Jack hadn't even the time to say, "Thank you."

He was very much astonished, but not so much as some little boys would have been, who had never heard the wonderful fairy tales the woodcutter told in the long winter evenings. He put the little cap in his pocket, and set about collecting some more sticks, eager to tell his mother about the strange friends he had made in the wood.

When he entered the kitchen his mother was crying, his father looked angry, and Master Timothy stood in the middle of the room, talking very loud and fast, with his ugly face redder than usual. Two men stood behind him, and seemed to be waiting for his orders. Jack ran up to his mother—

"Oh! mother, what is the matter?" he asked.

"We can't pay the rent, dear," she replied, "and Master Timothy will not wait a day. He says he will take us all up to the great house, and that Sir Lockup will put us in prison," and the poor woman cried again.

"Yes, I've said it, and I mean to do it," called out Master Timothy in his harsh voice. "Come along, you good-for-nothing fellow, you," and he dragged the woodcutter to the door. Nothing could be done, the woodcutter's foot still hurt him so much that he found it very hard to walk, but he was pushed and pulled along by Master Timothy and the other men, and the poor mother followed with Jack, crying bitterly. So after a long time they came to the great house, and were brought into the room where Sir Lockup had just finished his breakfast.

Sir Lockup was a very ugly old man in a yellow dressing-gown. He had ever so much money hidden away in chests and boxes, but he spent scarcely anything and lived mostly on mouldy crusts and potato peelings. He had a large black cat, so thin that you could see its bones sticking up under—

neath its skin, but to whom he gave every day some of his potato peelings, a thing which he never did for anyone else. The cat was sitting on the table when the woodcutter was pushed into the room, and it stared at Jack with its big green eyes.

"Now then," snarled Sir Lockup, "what do you want here?"

"He can't pay his rent," growled Master Timothy, "so I've turned him out."

"Miaou," squalled the cat.

"Oh! sir, if you only knew," cried the poor mother, "it is because —"

"Be quiet," said the old man; "you must go to prison, all three. Those who can't pay their rent go to prison, I make it a rule."

"But if you let me explain, sir, how it was," began the woodcutter.

"Be quiet," said Sir Lockup. "Here, Timothy, is the key of the big dungeon. The sooner they are in prison the better."

Jack had been listening all this time very hard, and when Sir Lockup had finished, he ran up to him, threw the cap in his face, and called out—

"Come and help me, come this way,
Master of the cap—obey.
Come and help without delay."

Sir Lockup started up in a great rage, and ran towards Jack, who got behind a big chair. Instead of following him, the old man ran straight to the door. He looked so funny that Jack could not help laughing, for all the time he was trying his hardest to get back to his arm chair. "Timothy," he panted, "lock the door, don't let me get through."

Timothy ran towards the door, but instead of locking it, opened it wide and he ran through, trying all the time to stop, and calling out, "Stop me, somebody, stop me quick." Jack and his mother and father felt themselves gently pushed by invisible hands, and they followed out of the house into the wood. On the way Jack told his parents all about his meeting with the dwarfs, and though they were very much surprised they were not afraid, for, said the woodcutter, "my grand-

father had dealings with the dwarfs, and they were always kind and honest."

They went on till they reached an open place in the wood, where a great many broken pine boughs were lying on the ground.

Then they all stopped, and suddenly from among the sticks jumped out hosts of little brown men, who danced round Sir Lockup and Master Timothy, crying, "Ho, ho, ho, ha, ha, ha."

One of them came up to the woodcutter and said: "Don't be afraid. You must come with us now, but no harm will happen to you." Then very quickly they made a sort of sledge of pine branches, and told the woodcutter and his wife and little boy to get into it. They tied ropes to old Sir Lockup and Master Timothy, in spite of their struggles and cries, and made them drag the sledge along the rough snowy paths of the wood, seating themselves upon the branches, and laughing and clapping their hands as the sledge went swiftly along, in spite of the anger of the two unwilling horses. After a long time they reached the mountain and entered a dark narrow passage, leading down and down, deep into the earth. The walls of the passage shone and sparkled dimly in the darkness, as if there were rubies and emeralds upon them. and at every corner queer grinning faces peeped out, little men hooked themselves on to the sledge, poked Master Timothy, or slyly pulled the flying tails of Sir Lockup's yellow dressing gown. Sometimes they passed a hollow place, light and warm, where they heard the sound of hammers and rude songs as the little men worked busily, making gold and silver collars and bracelets, and all manner of wonderful things more fine and delicate than any made by human workmen.

At last the travellers reached a great hall, dimly lighted by the glimmer of the diamonds and emeralds in the walls, and with a throne all of gold on a raised platform at one end.

On the throne sat a little brown dwarf, whose coat and shoes sparkled with jewels and who wore on his head a splendid shining crown. He was the King of the Dwarfs. The woodcutter and Jack made their best bow, and the mother curtsied, as she had been taught at the village school. Sir Lockup and Timothy stood near, very angry but powerless to move. The king looked hard at the two old men.

"I have heard of the evil doings of these mortals," said he; "do you bring them here for me to judge them?"

"We do, oh king," replied a dwarf. "If your Majesty will graciously listen to the tale of this good woodcutter, your Majesty will judge it well that we brought them."

The woodcutter stepped forward and told his story quite simply. When he had finished, the king, pointing to Master Timothy, said—

"Has this man ever done any good to anyone?"

Nobody answered.

"Take him away to the mines," said the king; and after Master Timothy had been led away down a dark passage, the king said:

"Has this man ever done any good to anyone?" and he pointed to Sir Lockup.

"Yes, your Majesty," called out a cracked voice from the other end of the hall, and the big black cat, thinner than ever, and with eyes shining like live coals, came leaping to her master's side.

"What has he done for you?" asked the king.

"He gave me some of his own potatoe peelings every morning," replied the cat.

"He did not give you very many," said the king, looking at the poor lean cat, "but it is well. You will remember this act of kindness," he went on, turning to the dwarf who stood near, "when you give him his work."

"Yes, your majesty," replied the dwarf, as he led Sir Lockup away.

"What are they going to do with them?" whispered Jack in a frightened voice to his mother.

The king overheard him, and answered:

"They have been very unkind on earth, so now they will have to work hard for us down here."

"Will they ever be allowed to come back again?"

"That depends on how they do their work. But in any case Sir Lockup will be allowed to go first, because he was kind to his cat, and Master Timothy has been kind to no one."

"And now," said the king, "would you rather go back to your cottage in the wood, or would you like to go into another country on the other side of the mountain, where all the people are good, and where you could easily find work. Even

though Sir Lockup has gone away, it is not certain that you will find a good man for your master, and in this other country everyone is kind."

The woodcutter talked a little while to his wife and Jack, and then said:

"Oh! king, we thank you all very much for your kindness and help, and we would go into this new country if you will show us the way."

"We always repay kindness with kindness," said the king. "It was your little boy who was first kind to us. Farewell, and all prosperity in the new country."

They were then led away by the dwarfs, and went on for many hours in the pine wood sledge. Jack fell asleep against his mother's shoulders, and woke just as they came out of the mountain into the new country. What a lovely sight met their eyes! Here it was spring. All the fields were green with the young fresh grass, and the fruit trees hung down their branches heavy with white blossoms. Little children wandered in the meadows, gathering great bunches of daisies, cowslips, and buttercups. The sleek brown cows lifted up their heads from among the flowers, and moved away slowly, tinkling their bells, as the children passed. A blackbird sang on the hawthorn hedge, and his wife on her nest looked out at the travellers with friendly black eyes. A pretty stream ran down the middle of the valley, and on the banks clustered many cottages, with thatched roofs and bright little gardens in front.

An old white-headed man came slowly along the path, and held out his hand to the travellers, saying;

"Welcome!"

The dwarfs sprang into their sledge. "Good-bye! good luck!" they shouted, waving their lichen caps, and then they disappeared in the dark mountain, and Jack and his father and mother turned to begin their life in the beautiful new country.